



Canibus Lyrics

"Nationwide Ruckus"

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh

[x2]

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste
That's why she all up in my face
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies
Are you not entertained? Then follow me
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire
Silver rounds for the vampires

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[x2]

Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace
Senior technician, 401K
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist
Then dump you in a dilapidated place
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child
Go surgical, chop it up vertical
Bars from my notebook murder you
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance

In that sunken place doing the drunken dance
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic
They don't know I got brain damage

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[x2]

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"Curb Your Ego"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Alright fellas. Listen, let's get real this morning, you gotta kick the ego, to the curb. You just gotta get it, and kick it, and throw it to the side. The male ego has a tendency to create more damage, than good. And a lot of times, our ego, simply gets in the way

[Seven Spherez:]

Yo it's the murder prequel serving heat at the third degree, bro
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego
Hurt the beat, burning MC's with the verbal free-flow
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego [x2]

It's the ravenous rap savages, damaging wack amateurs
Trapped in a black cavern, the hazardous track ravellers
Snap on you cats, snack on you rappers that act fabulous
Backing Jack, when I flatten twats in their jacked amulets
Fantabulous, feel the wrath of these gas canisters
All you rappers with lax to the track landed with Canibus
Handle this biz right, spit light, like the hammer click
The only time you shoot with those cannons is snap camera pics
Rap vandalist, with his hand on the can, angling
Dangling off the building, revealing the craft's manuscript
Planning shit with candles, ripping anarchist with ganja lit
Popping tags, till I'm fucking drowning in Mandarin
Hand in the throne, battle your clique while I stand on my own
But rappers are running from me like I'm standing here banging the chrome
My hand when he strangle a clone
The seven we gang to the bone
Step into the cypher get beheaded like Ann Boleyn [?]

[Canibus:]

Aight, enough about him, let's talk about me
'Cause every now and then I gotta speak my piece
I could curb my own ego and still get it off
When I walk I break off chunks of Himalayan salt
I receive my blessings from projecting my love
I'd rather do that than stain swords with blood
Easy-peasy rice and cheesy but don't get touchy-feely
Get punched in the neck for being greedy
My living quarters are cold with poisonous mold
Been living down here since zero years old
In the name of the Creator, I rose
Remove the millstone from my own neck bones, so I can spit what I wrote
In return, I was enhanced manifold and saw spiritual growth
For you to find out and for me to know
How I weld words together, separately plasma cut into letters
A ripper forever, nobody do it better

Canibus Lyrics

"Matter Of Time"

(feat. Nappi Music)

The biggest blessings when the younger look out for the older
The older providing the shoulder to bolster the culture
We were just Ewok soldiers facing off much larger opponents
Stronger than ogres, mutated poisonous cobras
Media moguls with teeth like marsupial rodents
Sacha Baron Cohen open mic moments
Ask what you like, questions are loaded
You're likely to be misquoted, end up like Alex Jones did
In no time, culture vultures pick your bones by the roadside
As we inhale the potassium bromide
From 50 Shades of grey colored skies, demonetized by Russian spies
Why does a brother even try?
Go underground just to survive, above ground, nothing but lies
Paralyzed by the drugs they provide
Tranquilizer for the mind, available online
I declined, but that's why we need more time

There is no more time, depends on which clock you go by
Blow the chofa, pray to the rain god
What if we're not on the same side, but we came from the same tribe?
I don't know how to answer this guy
This old goon on iTunes, did you sign to him?
Did you give away your lies to him?
What about YouTube? I watched the reaction from TwoDudes
Straight through hypnotized by the lights in the room
Analytic brain food, Professor Griff type jewels
The creator gives you the right to choose
It feels like we fighting to lose when we don't know which narrative's true
But what the Khazarian crackers do?
What about devils with the blackest hue? Sell your black ass out, too
The root of evil captures every group
The number four jump traps snap loose
Break your spine and your back, too, just give me a beat I can rap to

Germaine and TwoDudesFromMaine talk about coons in the game
Who don't love hip-hop the same
The question is never satisfied, answers must be properly ratified
Find out how to resist and try
Sophia Stewart envisioned human androids dressed like druids
I wish I had the resources to prove it
Black lithium red mercury, alert orange level emergency
Poetry was never perjury
Then it occurred to me, if they can shut Alex Jones down
They can censor every poet in the whole world now
You ask how? Natives are restless, fatigues make behavior aggressive
A positive message is labor intensive

I been in the club with Puff, I watched Donald Trump walk up
Elbows rub, Cristal in the cup
All I'm saying is before the oval office even mattered
He was cool with rappers and I don't think he was actin'

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus /\ Cambatta"

(feat. Cambatta)

[Canibus:]

I'm a nine-dimensional being spitting photon directional beams
CBD serve my medical needs
Move your ass, nigga ain't got no gravitas
I'ma tell you one time, me and you are not sized
There is no secret for patience, the key to being patient is sacred
And those results are not easily taken
You want to build? Do it for real
Unite, brother, still sharp as steel
Listen to me, just (breathe)
Yea, I be old-school growling, communities by the thousands and counting
Coming down off a Mingledorff mountain with books and tube pouches
And million dollar equipment vouchers
Education, you ain't shit without it
How about it? They took the game make it hard to support that lane
YouTube views probably bought that fame
I'd rather go to bass shop pro than deal with yo ignorant ass, yo
'cause our people are always last to know
Rap music should have been had unions, but it don't
Try to get 'em to stop the confusion, but they won't
And now here we are, 2018, still got the same problems
Chaos a prelude to conflict
You know necessity is the mother of ideas
And a bad idea is the father of all fears
The black and loud herd mentality crowd dreadlocks
Be looking like some dirty ass black and mild's
If you ain't melanated? Black or brown? you ain't down
How that sound? Who's possessed by the spirit of a savage now?
You better check them false facts in your files
Division'll have your mouth starving looking for a hand out
Man down, everybody fan out, it's your fault the plan went south
Say the word you the big man now
I don't think so, they move every way the wind blow
Kimbo, purse snatch a bimbo don't get shit tho
Homie, these niggas lonely and phony
Crowd-funded for groceries, some of these Hotep niggas is hungry
I germinated the waters, you just tasting out of my faucet
You like the taste? We created the sources/sauces
The Jamaican mason cooking Cajun bacon with a fig-leaf apron
With the information to raise a nation
The green is the unk, the black is the God
My gold staff is a stick that makes buckets of lard
Lord have mercy, that nigga got bars
James Bond with a turbo-saw, but still they resent the God
Spit bars til my voice goes hoarse, circular saws slice jaws
No novacaine but take twice as long

I am the monk of Mingledorff, I mutilate every single song
My drum machine cut your fingers off
Let's talk; I see where you went wrong
You was smoking embalming fluid out the morgue and held your breathe too long
Yea, I'm floored but my God is an awesome God
Meanwhile, your paws are too short to walk with dogs
Mt. Rushmore Olmec face; your security clearance not up to date
So I'ma have to stop you at the gate
Thermovision whistles and bells, your superheat smells
So on your way to hell let me give you this cool gel
Sound off, let me hear you yell; who you gonna tell?
When I was proof-reading the grail? You was learning how to spell
Talk to my abbot; I hooked the dragon up to your wagon
2018, you talking about horsepower, you lackin'
Layerin raps, matching, you still mackie-board four tracking
Rip the Jacker got all the action
Canibus, canned by the classic, Full Spectrum Dominance
Triple blackness, unleash the albino kraken

[Cambatta:]

On the bible, I swore solemnly
Lord watching me, born of a moor progeny
Source of a pure prophecy
Before Constantine, travel to Nicaea and courted a core following
Modestly, freedom before sovereignty
I don't believe in the theme of a war policy
Amistad, land of the street and like four blocks from me
Cinque speaking and God orator pompously
My phrase couplets change the way brains function
Hard metal skin brown coz it's rain rusted
Tie ropes to your limbs then i play puppets
Cut a hole in your stomach then i make munchkins
I hate tongues to taste tastebuds
If you taste my tastebuds you'll taste bud
I showed up at gunfights and gave hugs
Make em put they guns down
Shoot em with the same gun, blame drugs
Failure is the best lesson
She didn't know my name but she kept guessing
I told her gold string makes the best threading
When I rump, my steel skin deflects weapons
Teflon chest vested, lungs burning
Breath conjure sweat resin, ep-lep-tic (epileptic)
Before the beginning I knew the best ending
Thought of the answer before the next question
Soothsayer, earth sun moonmaker
Born instantly, mother never knew labor
Shroom taker, Obi with the blue saber
Legend King James left out like a new maker, who's greater?
I draw a circle on a Etch A Sketch
No birth defects but I got death defects
Exhale, reach out, catch the breath
We inhale it back in before the second breath

Melchizedek, hope is like a god that I never met
Sleeping so hard that I rest erect
I found a treasure chest
I'ma carry as much as my hands hold
Then I'm leaving you whatever's left
I rotate the earth with my feet
Like I'm running on the top exterior of a hamster wheel
He's the Morpheus, I'm the Exile
In the simulation, we got the keys and the pills
Dr. Seuss, talk to Zeus
Jump up, grab your son, alleyoop
Break the chain to the subconscious loop
Prophets' moms are commonly prostitutes
God's recruit, lies are the honest truth
Crabs are big spiders in lobster suits (cute)
Pen sharp, when I write cut a desk in half
My writtens are better chiseled in metal slabs
Lift iron, my sceptre's a magnetic staff
Long blade hidden inside like a machete has
Repentin pennin a pentagram in a pantograph
Fresh up out the pen in a pentagon with a weapon stash
Get it past, sleight of hand, Penn & Teller fast
Fast like the Pentium i9 that Dell'll have
Heavy like appendix that Adele'll have
White singer, Lightbringer, let the devil cast
Horse legs, Annamite figure goat head attached
Born Siamese till I ate the second half like a breakfast snack
Colorblind, only see things in the three that my spectrum has
Green, red and black like the Kenyan flag
Every fella Helen Keller ever met is black
I love neck so much I bought a pet giraffe
Bang arm like funny bone and then I laugh
Fist iron, beat sand out a heavy bag
Right jab, right jab, tip to the left and jab
Left body uppercut, head hit the leather mat
Hopefully he wakes up after ten seconds pass
I hit him harder than gettin past a depressin past
I throw my du-rag in the sea and drink of a three
Hundred and sixty degree tidal wave
We are each one cell in a giant brain
Life a game, self is the boss in the final stage
Compared to the Nephilim, Yao Ming's a dwarf
King of lords with double door to Mingledorff
Cambatta, Canibus, bring a cross
Carry it up a mountain till we exhaust

Canibus Lyrics

"It's Going Down"

[Canibus:]

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

[DMC:]

We created Hip Hop so we didn't need street gangs and drug dealers
Hip Hop has a responsibility
No matter what generation you're from, you come now, past, present, or future
Y'all motherfuckers can make whatever y'all want
For me, it's fucking homicide and genocide
People are killing each other
I don't hate on this generation of Hip Hop but we gotta create Hip Hop all over again

[Canibus:]

Grown men wearing makeup, you make me sick
I'm in the barber chair, 20 dollar shape up shit
And "don't worry if I write checks, I write rhymes"
Nobel peace prize, whoever came up with that line
Statistically, anonymously speaking, the country is dreaming
So what? The whole universe is shrinking
Society on the brink, tell me why do you think?
The blood wash off long before the courtroom ink
Well if imma hump the pig, imma tear it up
Maybe improvise earplugs with cigarette butts, 'n stink
TIG, MIG, Imma make my own sig, ya dig?
A serial killer in drag with a wig
Take a swig, blue pill first, red pill second
"The black pill is a black and white Hollywood western"
Jamie Foxx Jango, Clint Eastwood meets Rambo
Hungry enough to eat that ammo

[Canibus:]

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

[DMC:]

If you look at Hip Hop right now:
Purple fur coats, diamonds, champagne
Rolls Royce's, Bentley's, fucking Learjet's
Sex, violence... Everybody's living that life
Right now we need a 17 to 19 year old individual to make "The Message"
To shut down all the nonsense that we're celebrating!